

FIRST SET OF

(SONGS & GLEES)

OF THE

BAKER FAMILY

Sung at their CONCERTS throughout the UNION.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

JOHN C. BAKER.

*The Shipping Song is over,
The Parting Chorus,
The Farewell in Old Folks,
The Good-bye Chorus,
Hush! for the Watchers,
The Windows are all,
The Lullaby Song,
(Come with me to my little room),
The Good-night Song.*

GLEE.
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"
SOLO & TRIO.

*The Little Soldier's Lament,
Lament of the Italian Girl,
The Soldier's Farewell,
Where can the soul find rest,
Songs that we love,
The Good-bye Chorus (repeated),
The Good-bye Chorus (repeated),
The Unknown Father,
Farewell.*

SONG.
"
"
SOLO & CHORUS
SOLO
GLEE.
"
"
"
"
"

2nd Set

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BOSTON

WHERE CAN THE SOUL FIND REST!

Composed and Arranged by J. C. BAKER of the BAKERS.

TECHNICAL EXERCISE

Not too fast.

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar, Do

ye not know some spot, where mortals weep no more, Some lone and pleasant dell, some

val-ley in the west, Where free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest!

CHORUS.

1st. Treble *Slow.* *f* *ppp* *mf*
 The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low And sighed for

2d. Treble *f* *pp* *ppp* *mf*
Slow.
 The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low And sighed for

Tenor *f* *pp* *ppp* *mf*
 The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low And sighed for

Bass *f* *pp* *ppp* *mf*
Slow.
 The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low And sighed for

Piano *Slow.* *f* *pp* *ppp* *mf*

pi-ty as it answered No! No!.....

pi-ty as it answered No! No!.....

Piano *p* *pp* *ppp*

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies!

CHORUS to 2d VERSE.

The loud waves rolling in per-petual flow..... Stopped for a while and

The loud waves rolling in per-petual flow..... Stopped for a while and

sighed to answer *p* No! *pp* No! *ppp*

sighed to answer *p* No! *pp* No! *ppp*

And thou, serene moon, that with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me in all thy round, hast thou not found some spot
Where we poor wretched men may find a happier lot!

CHORUS to 3d. VERSE.

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo And a voice sweet but sad responded No! No!...

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo And a voice sweet but sad responded No! No!...

D.C. Sym

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Tell me my secret soul, oh! tell me hope and faith,
 Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death;
 Is there no happy spot where mortals may be bless'd
 Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest!

CHORUS to 4th. VERSE.

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals giv'n, Wav'd their bright wings and whisper'd, 'Yes, in Heaven.'

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals giv'n, Wav'd their bright wings and whisper'd, 'Yes, in Heaven.'

D.C. Sym

